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A Parson's Tale.

('Hand and Heart.')

'Yes, sir, every afternoon as the clock strikes four he comes there to the pier head, as you see him now, and calls out to the sea. Sometimes he waves his umbrella. Sometimes he takes off his hat. But, anyhow, he always comes every afternoon at four o'clock to the pier head—wet or fine—and stands there a minute or two looking out at the sea.'

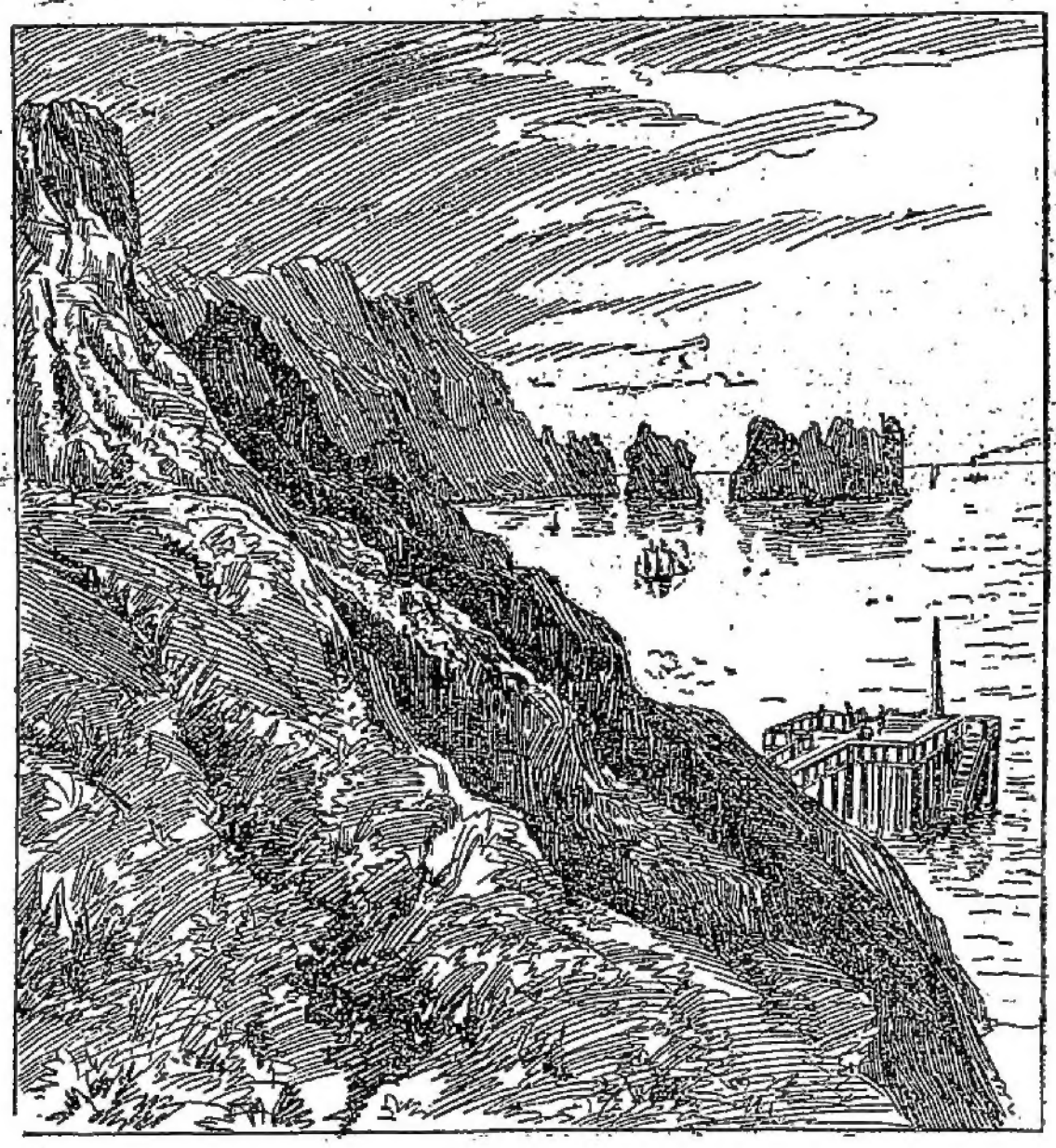
I was staying at Riverhead. It is a little seaside place on the south coast, rapidly coming into favor. I am not sure that it will improve. Hotels, villas, parade and so forth are a doubtful exchange for quiet inns, old-fashioned cottages, and the seashore. But such things as changes must needs be! Riverhead as yet, however, is unspoilt. There is a hotel, and some good houses, and most respectable lodgings—but it is not one of your spick and span watering-places.

There is, however, a pier, and a very good pier, too. A band plays on it twice a day. In the summer steamers make excursions, starting from the pier, all down the coast. And of course, I need hardly say this pier is a favorite promenade.

When I am out on a holiday I delight in a pier. Give me a place with a good pier—frequented by nice people—with cosy corners, sheltered from the wind, and I am happy. To me it is a perfect pleasure just watching the people as they promenade to and fro. What pictures you see! What tales you can read! What romances conjure up! Every face is a study of one kind or another, and as such worth watching.

One afternoon as I was chatting to the one-armed pierman, who had charge of a telescope, which he hired out at a penny a look, I noticed a strange-looking individual run up the pier, waving his umbrella and working his arm backwards and forwards, as if in a race. He approached the pier head, looked out over the sea, took off his hat, said something I could not catch, and then with a disappointed air turned away.

I asked my telescope friend who the stranger was. He gave me the answer with which I began my tale. More he couldn't tell me. He had heard that for fourteen years the man had been there day after day, just as I had seen him, and never missed. But he couldn't exactly say if this were so, as he himself had only been three years on the pier.



THE SEA LOOKED MOST TEMPTING.

I often watched the stranger after this, and once was near him at the pier head—so close I caught his words. He had not taken off his hat that day, but was just staring out over the sea. His lips moved, and I heard him say, 'Mary! Mary! Mary!' There was a story here, I felt sure. Poor fellow!

Before I left Riverhead I learnt his story. I had been unwell, and obliged to call in the local doctor. We chatted. I asked about the stranger on the pier. The doctor knew all about him, and this was his story.

'I have been here,' said the village doctor, 'over twenty years. Ah, the place has changed since then. Only a jetty instead of your grand pier when I first came. But it was always a favorite place for visitors was Riverhead. People came from all parts, and steamers called daily in the summer, as they do now. The pier was built about two years after I came. Well, among the visitors some fourteen years ago was a Dr. White and his family. They came from London. He was a noted physician, I believe. Comparatively young, but a rising man. His wife was one of the sweetest-looking women I ever saw; he had two children, a boy and girl, eight and ten years old, or thereabouts.

'The new pier, I say, had just been built, and the steamers came every day for trips. Some of the steamers started from here, and took people out for 2s. 6d. for a day's excursion down channel, touching at one or two noted places. The doctor and his wife were very fond of these excursions. They went frequently. "It is as good as a voyage, without the discomforts," he said to me one day. And indeed it is so. It would do you, sir, good—more good than any medicine I can give you.

'Well, one day the doctor had gone up to town to see a patient, and was returning next day about six o'clock. It was on a Thursday he was coming back. Mrs. White and her two children had planned to go a short trip on a steamer, starting at eleven, and back at four. It was a lovely day, and the sea looked most tempting. Off they went. The trip was to Shelstone Point and back. Do you know the place? A lovely bay, but with a nasty bit of reef, just covered at high tide, before you get in. They hadn't been gone more than an hour when who should turn up but Dr. White! He had caught an early train from London and come down before his time. He found out where his wife and children were, and then came on to have lunch with me. "I shall meet them at four," he said, as he left me; "how astonished they will be!'

'Now, as you have found out, no doubt, fogs arise here very suddenly. At any rate, a sea-fog came up that day unexpectedly about two o'clock, and you could see nothing beyond the pier. It lasted till three, and then gradually swept out to sea. By four o'clock it was clear, and the glasses were turned on the corner of the bay, round which the 'Merry Monarch' was to come.

'"She is bound to be late," said the doctor.

'"Yes, sir," said the pierman; "we must give her time."

'But at five o'clock there was no sign of the steamer. At six o'clock the watchers on the pier became anxious, and when at half-past six they saw a strange vessel bearing in they became alarmed.

'It was coaling vessel, and those on the pier soon made out a group of men and women huddled together on the deck quite apart from the sailors. They were not left long in doubt as to who they were. The vessel came alongside. About thirty of forty men and women with seven children were disembarked. They were all that were left of the gay company that had sailed in the 'Merry Monarch' for Shelstone Bay that morning.

'The fog had come down just as they were leaving the bay. The captain got bewildered. The steamer was brought too near the corner of the bay where the reef was, and

they struck the rocks. Though only going at half-speed, the shock was sufficient to wreck the vessel. She rose on a rock and broke her back. All the passengers aft were plunged in the water and apparently drowned. Those who were forward clung to the vessel as she lay on the reef and were picked up by the coaling steamer when the fog cleared. There were 200 passengers on the 'Merry Monarch;' only forty-six were brought back!

'Many of the bodies were washed ashore, but not all. Mrs. White and the two children were never found. Till the sea gives up its dead we shall not know where they are.

'I could not get my poor friend away from the pier. He stood there for two or three hours saying, "She must come, she is sure to come. I can't do without her. Mary! Mary! Mary!' At last I got him home.

'But he was at the pier next day.

'He has been there every day since, and that is fourteen years ago. He gave up his London practice; at least, his friends arranged the matter for him. He lives here in Riverhead by himself in a cottage near the church, and he won't leave the place for a day. The poor fellow is quite harmless. But he is always at the pier at four o'clock, because he fancies the steamer with his wife may be coming in. He is excited when the boats arrive in summer, and scans every passenger eagerly as they come on shore. But in winter he just goes (as you saw him) to the pier head, and, after looking out over the sea, calls "Mary! Mary! Mary!' and then comes home again.'

'The Other Home.'

A lady who spent the summer vacation months in a remote corner of New England relates, says an exchange, a pleasant incident of Christian faithfulness and trust. She went one day to visit an old lady, who within the brief space of a year had been called upon to part with husband, daughter and brother—almost the last of her surviving kin.

There was, however, no sign of mourning, either in the aged woman's dress or manner, and her visitor wondered at her sweet cheerfulness of face and speech, her sunny, self-forgetful sympathy and evident peace of mind and heart. Presently the conversation turned to religious topics, in which the reality of God's love, the restfulness of faith and the hope of immortality were simply and in almost childlike acceptance dwelt upon by the good woman.

The visitor finally said: 'Mrs. J., you have given me more hope and cheer in the half-hour I have talked with you than I think I have ever received from any other Christian friend. And yet you have been called upon suddenly to bear a burden of sorrow and bereavement, such as falls to the lot of few of God's children.'

'Yes,' replied the dear old lady, 'husband, brother and child have been taken from me—and yet it does not seem as if they had gone very far away. When I was a child, my older sister, whom I loved dearly, married, and went to live in a house about a mile from our home. At first I almost cried my eyes out; but one day mother said:

'"Why, Eunice! Don't you see that Sarah hasn't left us? She has only gone down the road to make another home where we can go—a home as full of love and welcome as this. Now you have two homes instead of one. Come, put on your sunbonnet and run down to the other home."

'After I had accepted that view you may be sure no more tears were shed. Just in this way I think of my dear ones who have left this earthly house. They haven't gone far—simply just over to the other home. And before long I am going to put on my sunbonnet, just as I did when I was a little girl, and go to see them.'

The wrinkled face was lighted by a smile of unspeakable sweetness, and the aged eyes shone with wistful joy, as they looked away into that blue sky where faith sees its 'many mansions.'

Death would be robbed of its terror, bereavement of its pang, mourning of its tears, if we all had this trusting woman's conception of the life beyond the grave. Her faith was based upon the Great Teacher's declarations that death is not a narrowing, but a widening, of the horizon of life and love—the multiplying of those ties which unite us with the great household of God.—'Union Gospel News.'

One Poor Old Scrub-Woman.

(Mrs. Annie A. Preston in 'American Messenger.')

Some years ago there lived in a large city in Scotland a poor old woman who was not a Christian. Not altogether an ignorant woman, she had been brought up in the faith of the church, but never converted. Good people sometimes spoke to her about her soul's salvation, and the mistress of the house where she worked, going in by the hour as she was needed, often invited her to go to church; but the poor old woman would always say sharply, 'I willna. Leddies and gentlemen gang to church; I'll bide by myself.'

One day, after a while, the minister was at dinner, and as the old woman was at work in a closet near the dining-room she heard some talk that stirred her heart in such a way that she said to herself over and over, 'I must hear more o' this gospel that gies rest to the soul when it bides within a body.'

So early next Sabbath morning she went to the church, and curled down in a little alcove behind the organ, where she could hear every word said by the minister. Here she could cry silently, and no one could see her; and when the organ roared she sobbed aloud for her load of sin, and no one heard her.

For three Sundays she sat there, and no one was the wiser. On the fourth Sunday the minister said in the midst of his sermon, 'This glorious gospel is for all. Not alone for the few who sit before me this bleak, rainy winter's morning, but for every sinner in the city, and oh, how many there are! Enough, should they pour in here in answer to my call, to fill every nook in this wide church, even to the alcoves in the sides of the great organ. O my friends, your rejection of this great truth is appalling! Over and over it has been presented to you in words vivid enough to almost put feeling into a heart of wood.'

At this—the old woman never could explain how it happened—she walked out from behind the organ, with the tears streaming down her cheeks and with her knees shaking from her cramped position. Her fear of the ladies, of the gentlemen, and of the minister himself, was quite gone as she looked up at him and said clearly,

'Please God, I think I be one of those for whom this salvation is meant. Would you mind praying that it may come home to my heart?'

Upon that a great wave of excitement passed over the congregation, and three very light-minded young ladies in the front seat fell upon their knees, and there was a great breaking down of the hard-hearted and of the stiff-necked, and in that church there were many such.

It appeared afterwards that when the poor woman in her plain brown serge gown stepped out from behind the organ in the dim light of the church, the people thought indeed that one of the carved figures had been started into life to reproach those who had for so long held out against the truth.

Although this was a singular beginning, there sprang from it a wonderful work of grace. The three light-minded young women became very devout Christian workers. Through them a wealthy and fashionable young man became a Christian, and was the means of the conversion of a great many of his gay companions.

The Sunday-school teachers in that church were revived by the poor old woman's simple testimony, and organized a working band of forty young men and women, who went out into the villages in all the country round about the city, and there abode, teaching and praying, until a fire of Christian zeal was kindled. And all of these souls were revived and converted through the conversion of one poor old scrub-woman without money, home, friends, power, influence, or hope even; but with the birth of the Christian's hope in her heart all the rest were added unto her.

This story was related to me by a person who was present at the time, acquainted with the parties and familiar with the facts.

In the King's Banqueting House.

I walk on my way with the others, I toil at my daily task;
I am sometimes weary and careworn, and sometimes I wear a mask,
And cover with smiles and sunshine a heart that is full of tears;
And yet, and yet, there is joy divine, and it crowns my burdened years.

For sometimes there comes a whisper in the silence of my soul,
'Rise up, my love, my fair one, and forget the sorrow and dole,
And come to the house of the banquet, and feast with the King to-day.'
And oh! when I hear the summons, is there aught except to obey?

And the look on his brow is loving, a brow that was worn and marred;
And the hands I clasp with reverence—ah me! they are torn and scarred;
And the voice that speaks is tender. 'It is finished,' that dear voice said,
When on Calvary's mount for me, for me, He bowed His fainting head.

O, 'tis sweet to sit at the banquet, a guest of the King divine;
'Tis sweet to taste the heavenly bread and to drink the heavenly wine,
To look away from the earth-cares, to lift the spirit above,
To sit in His shadow with great delight, under His banner of love.

And what if the way be dreary, and I sometimes think it long?
There's always, sooner or later, a bit of a cheery song.
And what if the clouds above me are sometimes thick and gray
There is never a cloud on the mercy-seat, where I meet Him day by day.

So I go on my way with the others, I am often weary and spent.
But aye in my heart I am thankful, happy and well content;
For oft in the early dawning, and oft at the fall of the day,
He calls me to the banquet, and what can I do but obey?

—M. E. Sangster in 'The Christian.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Patronised.

(Light in the Home.')

The church clock was chiming half-past four as Elsie Thomson stood before the master's desk, repeating a punishment lesson.

It was winter time—a week or two before the Christmas holidays. The wind, which had been sighing uneasily about the schoolhouse all day, had risen, and was rattling the small diamond-shaped windows and swaying the tops of the great trees outside, whilst every now and then a sudden gust would blow a cloud of smoke down the chimney out into the darkening room.

'It blows like snow,' said the master, as he closed the book. 'You must make haste home. And, mind, another time don't be so idle.'

The child, whose usually shiningly-clean

face was stained with tears, and her mouth disfigured by an ugly pout, did not answer him, but, going out into the lobby, began hastily to put on her things. It was not the work of many minutes, but before the white comforter was tied to Elsie's satisfaction the snow had begun to fall, and as she closed the wicket gate the wind blew a blinding sheet of it into her face. Elsie stood a moment disconcerted. Her home lay across the moor, and she did not fancy the walk alone through the storm and—worst of all 'o her—the rapidly increasing gloom. As she still lingered another child touched her on the arm.

'Oh, it's you, is it, Mary Scaife?' Elsie exclaimed, in a tone of relief. 'I thought you would wait for me. Just look how it's snowing! Th' master had no call to keep me in wi' such a storm coming.'

Whilst she was speaking the new-comer had taken her umbrella and satchel.

'Now thee can wrap thee hands in thee cloak,' she said. 'I'll carry the things. Never mind the master; he's naught but an ill-grained thing at the best of times. There—let us get on; we'll soon be home if we make haste.'

Elsie wrapped her hands in her cloak, though she had already a pair of woollen gloves on, and Mary Scaife none, and they started. She did not thank her companion; she was too used to her attentions, and accepted them now as a matter of course. Theirs was a strange friendship. It had begun with their first day at school, when they had sat side by side on the bench in the infants' class. Mary had shyly stroked Elsie's pretty plaid frock, and openly admired her fair curls and her blue eyes, and Elsie, who above all things loved to be admired, had graciously accepted her homage. From that time Mary was her slave and confidante. It was she who sharpened Elsie's pencils, cleaned her slates, bore the brunt of any scrape that befell them; it was she who always took Elsie's part against the other children, and who was always the first to kiss and make up in their own private quarrels. And yet down in the bottom of Elsie's little selfish heart there was a lurking feeling of shame—shame at being seen so much in the company of one so shabby, so poor-looking as Mary Scaife.

They were both the children of shepherds; but John Thomson was noted for his steadiness, and his wife as one of the thriftiest in the countryside, whereas Mary's mother was dead, and the beer-shop profited the most by her father's earnings. Elsie was an only child, Mary one of many; and whilst in the one home there were comfort and comparative ease, in the other were bad management, untidiness, waste, and too often want.

Even as the children walked along together their appearances spoke volumes. Elsie's well-shod feet tripped along lightly enough over the snow-covered ground. She was a pretty child, and the red hood and cloak she wore well became her round, fair face. Poor Mary trudging along at her side in heavy, ill-shapen boots, armed with the big umbrella and the satchel, looked clumsy—almost grotesque—in comparison. She was wearing a jacket that had once been her mother's, and which, as Mrs. Scaife had been exceedingly stout, whilst Mary was as spare, fell about her in the oddest way possible. All the same Mary was very proud of her jacket, particularly of the rabbit fur that her sister had stitched on to hide the ragged edges of the cuffs. Surmounting the jacket was a felt hat, long, battered out of its original shape, and adorned with the remains of a pheasant's wing.

Mary's face had no beauty. It was plain and homely, with rosy cheeks that sometimes looked sadly pinched, and bead-like eyes that glittered beneath the tangle of her hair. Her hair was a great trouble to her. No amount of water would ever prevail upon it to lie smooth, and even though screwed behind in the tightest of pig-tails tied with white cotton, in front it was always flying about her face and over her eyes. The hands that grasped the satchel and umbrella were not like Elsie's, soft and pink, but hard, chapped, and red, and usually dirty, for soap was a luxury in Scaife's cottage.

The two went along in silence. It was about two miles across the moor to their homes, and already the thickly falling snow was hiding their path; the light was waning dimmer and dimmer, and the few trees on the bleak hillside loomed through the blurr of the storm like giant figures with outstretched snatching arms.

The village was out of sight before Elsie spoke again.

'The master had no right to keep me in wi' such a storm rising. We shall lose our way, we shall, an' then what 'ull we do?'

The words ended in a whine. Elsie was not a brave child at any time, and alone on the moor with Mary in the growing darkness she began to feel terribly forlorn.

'Oh, we'll none get lost,' replied Mary cheerfully; 'I think I could almost find my way blindfold. Tak' hauld o' my hand—it's very slape; an' don't thee worry now, for we'll none lose oursels, we shan't.'

So they trudged on, Elsie clinging to Mary's hand. Something dark, and seeming very big, rose up in front of them and scuttled away with a hoarse cry.

It was only a sheep, but Elsie screamed aloud.

'Whisht! Elsie, ye maunt be feared; we sall be seeing the lights in a minute.'

But many minutes elapsed and no lights appeared. They had got off on to the turf and could not find the path.

'I wish we'd gone round by the road,' muttered Mary; 'but wi' being so used to coming this way I never thought on it.'

'Nor I,' groaned Elsie.

So they went on, hand in hand, Elsie half crying, Mary comforting her with hopeful words that yet could not still the fears in her own brave heart.

At last Elsie drew away her hand and stopped.

'It be no use, Mary—we be lost, and I can't walk no further. I am tired, I am, an' I'm just going to sit down here till they find me.'

'But thee maunt do naught o' th' sort!' exclaimed Mary in alarm. 'Don't thee ken if a body falls asleep in the snow they'll never waken?'

'No, I don't, and I don't care neyther!' cried Elsie pettishly. 'It's all very well for you, Mary Scaife—you're strong and used to it; but I'm delicate, mother says, and I can't go no further for anyone.'

'If thee maun really stop, doan't let's stop here. See thee—there's a peat-stack yonder; let's gang an' set oursels down beside it; mebbe it wain't be the same as being out in the open snow.'

It was really a peat-stack. The children huddled themselves against it, and being sheltered somewhat from the wind, Mary was able to open the umbrella and hold it as a barrier between them and the storm.

'We're lost, and it's all along of the master!' moaned Elsie. 'If we die, he'll be hanged for 't, an' mighty glad I'll be.'

This view of the case evidently afforded her some satisfaction, for she laughed.

'He didn't know, though, Elsie, mebbe, what a storm it 'ud be. Feyther sey he comes from th' south, and they haven't the same kind o' weather there as we have here,' reasoned Mary, not from any special liking for the master, but because it was a trick of hers to stick up for people when they were not there to do so for themselves.

Her argument vexed Elsie.

'You said you knew the way, an' you didn't. Why did you say so? I wad ha' gone back to the village and stayed wi' Aunt Sally if it hadn't been for you.'

As a matter of fact this was the first time the idea had occurred to her. Perhaps Mary knew it, for she did not answer, and there was silence.

Then Elsie broke out again—

'I am cold and hungry. Oh, why didn't we stay at the village?'

No answer being forthcoming, she continued in the same tone, evidently finding some relief in trying to provoke the other's patience.

'If I get starved to death, it'ull be your fault just as much as the master's. You had no business to tell a lie and say you knew the road when you didn't.'

'Oh, Elsie, whisht, whisht—ye shan't be starved if I can help it! See—take my jacket; I feel warm enough wi'out it.'

Before Elsie could resist, the jacket that she had always silently scorned was off and wrapped about her.

'Oh, but you must not—you must not,' was all she could say.

'You just hold yer tongue,' said Mary. 'I am all right; I'm stronger than you, an' can bear a bit of cold. Cuddle up to me, and then we'll be snugger yet.'

Elsie did as she was bidden. The jacket was warm, and she fell into a half doze, whilst Mary lay with wide-open eyes staring into the gloom, and her mouth shut tight, lest the chattering of her teeth should disturb her companion.

Elsie spoke again.

'You think they'll find us, Mary?'

'Yes, yes—they must. They'll be laiking us now most like. Shall we shout?'

'Yes.'

They shouted; but what was the use of their small voices in that wide space, and against the pitiless wind?

In spite of herself, Mary's ended in a quavering cry—almost a sob. Elsie did not hear it, or if she did, said nothing, for when she spoke she was evidently following the train of her own thoughts.

THE OPPONENTS OF THE MONSTER.

'Mary, if so be as we had to die, wouldn't you be afraid?'

'I doan't know. Mebbe not if I knew I should see mother again.'

'But I should; an' I don't want to die, nayther. Oh, Mary, I don't want to die!'

'Don't then, dearie; don't fret theesel about it. They'll find us soon—very soon.'

Another pause, and then—

'I wonder what they're doing at home?'

'Seeking for us, I expect.'

'If I die mother 'ull wear her new black dress at the funeral,' remarked Elsie. 'But what will they do without me? Oh, I can't die—I won't die!'

Mary drew her closer to her. She held the umbrella with one benumbed hand, the other arm was round Elsie.

'Thee sall not die,' she said firmly; 'I'm sure thee wain't die.'

There was so much assurance in her tone that Elsie rested her head on her shoulder with a sob, and so sobbing fell asleep, and dreamt she was at home, eating her porridge by the fire, whilst her father smoked in the ingle-nook, and her mother ironed at the big table. And whilst she slept the other lay opened-eyed and still. A numbness was stealing over her, a strange, whirring sound was in her ears; she tried to speak, but could not; and at last she also slept.

* * * * * * * *

An hour afterwards they were found. The umbrella had been blown away by the wind, and they lay there together, partly covered with the snow. Elsie was breathing softly—the old jacket had done good service—and as her father lifted her up she half opened her eyes and smiled.

The other lay still—curiously still. The wind stirred her thin dress, yet she made no movement,

'She's all right, isn't she?' asked Mrs. Thomson.

'She'll never wakken again i' this world, missus,' replied an old man, who had been aiding them in the search, and he turned the light of his lantern away from the white face.

They carried them both to their homes, the dead and the living, and it was then they found that Mary Scaife had tasted neither bite nor sup since morning.

'An' she took off her own jacket to keep our little gal warm!' exclaimed William Thomson, grasping her sister's hand. 'You shall allays find a friend in me, my dear—allays.'

* * * * * * * *

'Mother,' asked Elsie, as she sat in the rocking-chair before the fire next morning, none the worse for her adventure save a slight cold, 'have you been to the Scaifes'?'

'Yes, honey.'

'How's Mary?'

'She was sleeping,' replied the mother, with averted face; and Elsie was satisfied.

It was not until the next Sunday, when she saw all the little Scaifes except Mary trooping into church with black hat-bands, that she learnt the truth.

She made no remark, but in the afternoon they missed her, and the mother, going upstairs, found her stretched weeping on her bed.

'Elsie, honey, what's the matter? What ails thee?'

'Oh, mother, to think as ever I was ashamed on her!'

Dork's Opportunity.

They had named her Dorcas out of respect to a great-aunt. The aunt had recognized the attention with a dozen teaspoons marked in letters of profuse adornment, 'D. M. to D. L.;' to wit, Dorcas Mather to Dorcas Lunt.

The spoons were solid and heavy, but Dorcas Lunt wished a thousand times that the silver of which they were made had never been dug out of the earth—wished them and the dreadful name that came with them back where they started from. Dorcas was bad, and Dorky was a lower deep, and Dorky Lunt was, as Uncle Ned remarked one day, 'Simply atrocious—a temptation to a girl to commit suicide.' And, worse than all, she had overheard some one say that the name sounded just as the girl looked.

You see, Dorky was not in the least an interesting young person. She was ugly and awkward. She had been a querulous, absurd-looking baby, and as she grew older it was much the same, only that there was more of her, which made matters worse.

Dorky and Bertha used both to look in the glass a good deal. Bertha went away smiling to remember the pretty picture she had seen there, and Dorky stole off hating herself. I believe she studied her mirror with a sort of hope that some day she might find herself a little less ugly than she had been the day before; but she never did.

'It's just this way,' said Dorky; 'girls in stories always have one redeeming feature. Sometimes it is a plain face with the most astonishing hair down to their feet, like the advertisements of Sicilian Balm. Or it is a nose retroussé and an ugly mouth, but all the sweetness of everything steeped into a pair of "large, lustrous brown eyes," or, if it's nothing else, it is a certain "air." But I haven't even an air. Aunt Julia says I've "no personal magnetism," whatever that may mean.'

Uncle Ned said, 'I respect Dorky, but she isn't a girl for any one to be fond of.' And Dorky thought, 'If I could see one single human face look into mine the way people look at Bertha twenty times a day, I should keep that look and be happy over it till I died.'

Bertha, you'll understand, was pink and white, and looked as though she had been made out of sweet pea-blossoms or the inner lining of sea shells, and she had a pair of real blue-gentian eyes, with long lashes, that had the most distracting way of dropping down on her cheeks; and then she was a very nice, good-tempered little thing besides, and Dorky, who had good common sense, couldn't help seeing that one smile of her sister went further with people than her own most self-denying labors in their behalf.

Babies loved Dorky best, that is, while they were little. When they grew large enough to distinguish colors, they kissed Bertha in preference. They were not to be blamed. They would have chosen blush-roses instead of mignonette for the same cause. Ponto and Dick believed Dorky to be the most exquisite creature of the human race, but Ponto and Dick were only a dog and a horse.

'I wish I could do something for somebody to make them love me,' said Dorky to herself; and she tried in more ways than I can tell you to be gentle and helpful and kind, and she hoped 'it did do some good.' But, after all, she felt nearly always that she was a lonely, unloved girl, until one day this happened.

It was in the times when Madam Wainwright had a private school in her own house at the head of Elm street. The Wainwright mansion was set up on terraces, and was three stories high. Inside it was dark with low beams and mahogany panellings, and frightful with carved monsters on the chimney-pieces. It was ghostly with corner closets, and perilous with steps up and steps down in the most unexpected places. It rejoiced in many deep alcoves, and in numberless corners of gloom. And it contained, as all grand old houses in Eastern Massachusetts should do, a chamber in which that worthy gentleman, George Washington, had once slept.

There was a grand old stairway of carved oak that led from the first floor to the second. In the third story were the music-rooms and the pianofortes, and the stairs by which you went up were a narrow flight between two ceiled walls. There was a small passage-way, or entry, at the top.

It was a Friday afternoon, and Professor Roofe had the singing-class, nearly the whole school, up in 'No. 6,' the largest room on the third floor. Herr Roofe was a little German gentleman, with a fierce moustache and a powerful voice. He was nervous all the time, and cross occasionally. To-day he was both, and he kept jumping up from the piano-stool and stamping around the room, and saying, 'Young ladiesh, dish ish awful!' And then he would turn red in the face and growl, after a fashion to strike terror into the innermost soul of everybody, except such as were used to it.

Outside the snow was falling, and the night coming on. Inside everything was getting dim, the air of the room was becoming close, the girls beginning to look flushed, but still shrieking away at the top of their lungs. In an inner room the little children were playing, and Dorky Lunt, who was a member of the music-class, heard Puss Pelton's shrill voice pipe up:

'Now we'll play somefin new. Play I was all growed up, 'n' had free chil'ren, 'n' they all had the whooping-cough together. Cough, all of you—this way.'

Dorky, from her place could look out through a small ante-room into the passage at the head of the stairs. There was a hanging-lamp suspended from the ceiling by three chains. Dorky, who was in a dreamy mood, sat watching this lamp, and as she watched she was aware of Caesar's shuffling step on the stair. He was an old negro who tended fires and lights for two or three families in the village.

'Miss Bertha Lunt will please to take this soprano solo,' said the professor.

'Excuse me,' answered Bertha's voice; 'but I'm afraid I can't sing it, sir.'

'I think you will try, and we shall see. You will rise up.'

Bertha rose up as she was told to do, stood with her music-book before her, and began to sing. She could barely see the notes, for the snow and the night were falling faster now, and all the corners of the room lay in shadow.

Dorky, sitting back wtih a restful sort of feeling, listened to her sister's voice, and then, suddenly, by one of those mental changes that come to us sometimes, everything about her seemed to be withdrawn—the girls and the music, and the children prattling in the next room, and Caesar clumsily balancing himself on the arm of the settee, and filling the pendant lamp from an old black bottle—all were floated off into a dreamy distance and dimness.

'Miss Dorcas Lunt, at-tention!'

Dorky was just turning her eyes toward the professor, but at that instant there came a tumult of noises from the passage—a fall, a crash of broken glass, and a roar of terror, easily to be distinguished as Caesar's. Then, quicker a great deal than I can tell it, Herr Roofe rushed toward the door, and screamed 'Fire!'

There were twenty girls in the room, and every one of the twenty sprang to her feet. There were flushed faces and pallid faces, but all had one look in common—that of wild, panic-stricken terror—all save one face, that of Dorky Lunt.

I suppose she was the only girl of them who had a distinct idea what the matter was. She alone had seen the negro stumble and pitch down from his perch on the settee, had caught a glimpse of a huge black hand flinging itself out, clutching the lamp with a frantic grip.

'Fire!' shrieked the professor a second time, and then he sprang out into the anteroom. One or two girls jumped over the top of the benches in front of them. Some person stepped on Bertha's dress and dragged her to the floor, where several others stumbled over her.

It came across Dorky that instant, like a flash of inspiration, that here was something for her to do—that it was the one thing to be done, the only thing, and that she could do it. It was no question of good looks now, of ugliness or of grace—only of coolness and self-control; and Dorky, who had a thousand flutters on common occasions, was quite calm at this moment.

One thought smote through her mind—panic and flames together would kill them all. 'Remember,' she said to herself, 'the school in New York where children crowded the stairway, broke it down, and were crushed in the ruins,' and in an instant she had leaped to the top of the piano. She stood with one hand raised, and her voice had a clear ring, such as no one had ever heard in it before when she spoke.

'Girls, there's no danger if you'll be quiet! Sit down, every one of you!'

'And we sat down,' said Kate Clark, afterward. 'I'm sure I don't know what made us, for we had been like wild hyenas the instant before. But, somehow, I believe every mother's child of us felt that minute that she'd got to mind Dorky. She looked like a little fury, or a Cassandra, or anything of that sort, standing up there with her arm stretched out, and her face all white, and her eyes black-bright.'

'Well, I know for one,' added Madge Alden, 'that I sat down because I thought Dork'd kill me if I didn't; and the next I knew she had jumped off the piano, rushed out of the door, brought it to behind her, and turned the key.'

One idea possessed Dorky. She must put out that fire. There was no water on that floor, and even if there had been she knew that the blaze of kerosene oil was not to be put out by water. As she closed the door and turned the key in the lock, she bent and seized a heavy rug that lay at her feet. She fled away through the anteroom toward the entry, snatching a spread from the piano as she passed.

At the door of the passage she stopped an instant, saw a vision of fire, flames mounting to the ceiling, flames filling the narrow, walled-in stairway, smoke everywhere. She heard a wild tumult of roars and shrieks rising from below, where Caesar was stumbling about. The broken lamp had been a large one, the broken bottle had been nearly full of kerosene, and, to make matters worse, the floor of the passage and the stairs was oiled wood, and burned like tinder.

Dorky was stifled and half-blinded, but she lifted the great rug, flung it forward, and then sprang back to avoid the flames. The result was very good. The smoke became more dense, but the entry was darker. She had smothered the worst of the fire there.

'Now for the stairs,' she thought, and felt her way carefully to the head of the flight. Not daring to take up the rug, she folded the piano-cover, her next resort, and bent down, ready to fling its thicknesses over the upper

stairs. But as she stooped the flames in the stairway suddenly rose with a quick, fierce flare—streamed hot and deadly into her face, her eyes, her mouth. 'This is death,' said something to her; and then she felt only that she was falling forward and down through the flames, and knew no more.

Then there were steps of men hurrying up from the lower floors.

People had hurried in from the street, and the opening of the great two-leaved front door was what had sent the wind blowing through the house, and had driven the terrible flames up into Dork's face. Now the men came on with water, and carpets and rugs, and strong arms. In a moment the fire was out, and the stairway was full, not of flames, but of smoke. The man in advance pulled his cap over his eyes, and started up the narrow stairway.

'I'll just go 'n' see what's become of 'em all up there—them girls. The master saved his skin—let the Dutchman alone for that,' he said. And then, in the midst of the darkness and the stifling oily smoke, he stumbled over something lying along on the stairs half way up—a little dark something without sense or motion—and he cried out to those behind him, 'Hullo, here's one of 'um, sure's you live! Declare for't, ef I don't b'lieve she's made a sure thing on't, too! Fling up that window there, Stebbins, 'n' give 'er a breath of air!' And he came down with the little limp form in his arms.

'Take her into my room, please,' spoke Mrs. Wainwright's quiet voice. 'Here, on my bed. Why, it's Dorky—little Dorky Lunt, poor child!'

And then she sent one messenger after Dr. Bowman, and, lest he should be out, a second after Dr. Yates, and then, stopping to think an instant, she said, in a puzzled way:

'But where are the others? How happens it that Dorky was the only one? I don't understand.'

It was at that moment that an Irishman was turning back the key of No. 6 and liberating the pupils there. A running fire of questions assailed him. 'Was the fire put out?' Could they get down now without being killed?' 'Where was Dorky?' 'Had anyone seen Dorky Lunt?'

'Mcbby it was hersilf 'twas took into the mistress's room,' answered Mike. 'Shure 'n' it is loikely to go hard wid her wholver she is.'

It was far into the night, and all the air outside was dim with snow, and the street lamps were shedding misty gleams up and down, when Dorky began to know, in a struggling sort of fashion, that she was in bandages on her head and neck, and that people were slipping quietly to and fro in the hush of the room.

She felt a hard, throbbing pain through her eyes, and terrible unrest from her head to her feet. She could hear her mother's voice and Nurse Lyon's, and surely there was some one crying softly near her bed.

Presently, as she lay there wondering, it all came back to her—the alarm, the scene in the singing-class, and her own frantic efforts to put out the fire. What had become of the rest? She tried to move her lips, and at last pronounced the words:

'The girls?'

'Mustn't try to talk now,' answered the nurse. 'I'll tell you. The girls are all right.'

'No one was hurt but you, dear,' spoke her mother's voice. 'You saved the others. Try to be quiet. Bertha?' she added, as the poor little parched lips moved once more. 'Yes, she is here.'

Then someone came and kneeled down beside the bed, and took Dorky's hand in both her own—took it, oh, so tenderly—and it was her sister's voice that sobbed out:

'You little darling, I never loved you half so well before—never!'

By-and-bye, when Dorky was stronger and could bear it, they told her how the love-tokens had come pouring in from all sides; how Kate had brought her 'most-beloved white hyacinth,' and Madge a basket of violets and moss, and how Cousin Guy, who had never noticed her much before, had left some hot-house strawberries, with the message: 'Tell Dorky that she is grand, and we all say so, and that I'm so set up because I'm first cousin to her that mother finds it difficult to live in the same house with me.'

But the best was that Sunday night ten days after she was hurt, when the door-bell rang and Nurse Lyon was called down to see the singing-class, nineteen of them, in the parlor.

'We came to ask you,' said Kate Clarke, 'if we might go up and sing to Dorky a little. We wouldn't go in, you know, only stand out in the corridor by the door.'

'Do say yes, please,' chimed in Madge Alden. 'My mother says she dosen't believe it will hurt her if we don't speak to her, and just sing "Jerusalem the Golden."'

'Yes, and "Abide with Me." Dorky always liked that,' added Kate.

The nurse said yes, and they all went upstairs, and stood before the great window looking out over the blue of the lake and the rose-purple of the sunset hills; and Dorky heard the sweet young voices she knew so well, singing the dear old tunes she loved.

'That will do,' said Kate after a little. 'Now the "Gloria;"' and though a few voices broke and dropped in this, remembering everything, they went through it to the end. Then the hushed steps were heard stealing away downstairs. Only Madge paused at Dorky's open door, and said, softly:

'Good-night, sweet, that is for all of us.'

And Dorky, poor little burned, blinded, tortured child that she was—Dorky turned her cheek to the pillow and thought, 'Oh, why can't people die when they are so happy?'

But Dorky did not die, though Dr. Bowman was afraid she was going to, and she wasn't blind, though Dr. Williams believed she would be. For one, I shall always think she got well because she was so happy, and she knew at last that people really loved her.

I cannot tell you that Dorky grew beautiful and charming all at once, because this is not a fairy tale; but I can tell you something which, to my thinking, is better. I can tell you of a woman who is to-day so gentle, and patient and tender that her plain face is welcome everywhere—that sick and sorrowing people love to see it near them, and that dark days are brightened, and fair days made more fair by her coming. And this woman was once little Dorky Lunt. I wonder if it may not be that she has learned what it means to

'Make life, death, and the great forever,
One grand, sweet song.'

Two Little Yellow-Birds.

(Lizzie Kings in 'Child's Companion.')

I was very interested in a little story told to me by a friend some weeks ago. My friend, whose name is Miss Baker, was once an invalid for several months, and spent much of her time lying on a sofa, which, as it was spring-time, was usually drawn before an open window. Outside the window, on the lawn, there grew a lilac bush, covered with its delicate sweet-smelling blossoms.

One morning Miss Baker saw two little yellow-birds (they are something like canaries) flying about the lawn, peering hither and thither with their bright little eyes, and presently, to her great delight, they came and settled close to the window, on a branch of the lilac bush. There was a great deal of chirping and twittering as they fluttered from branch to branch, their bright yellow feathers looking so pretty against the fresh green leaves.

Presently they flew away, but they soon returned, to my friend's delight, for in their beaks each held some tiny twigs; so she knew that they had decided to build their nest in the old lilac bush. The nest was commenced on Thursday, and so careful and particular in the fashioning of their little home were the tiny builders, that on Saturday afternoon, when my friend took her last peep at it for the day, it was still little more than begun.

The yellow-birds seemed to accept her as a friend, and not a foe, from the first, for when she reached her hand through the open window, and very cautiously drew the leaves aside that she might watch their operations, they did not seem to mind in the least, only glancing quickly at her with their bright eyes now and then. The building of the wee home became a source of great interest to her, so Miss Baker felt quite disappointed when ten o'clock, and then eleven came on Sunday morning, and still the little yellow-birds had not come to go on with their work.

'How peaceful and quiet everything is,' thought she to herself, as she looked out over the lawn and across the meadows where the cows were lying down. 'Even the dumb animals seem to know that it is Sunday.'

Then suddenly the thought came to her that perhaps the little yellow-birds knew it was Sunday too, and so, instead of deserting the nest they had commenced, as she thought they had, they may be only 'resting from their labor,' as we have all been bidden to do.

Miss Baker was up earlier than usual the next morning, but not earlier than the birdies, for when she was wheeled to the window, there, sure enough, were the two little yellow-birds flashing about in the sunshine, and patiently carrying the materials bit by bit to complete their nest.

Every day they worked at it, but still, when Saturday at last came round again, it was yet not quite completed; a little more soft warm lining, and then the cosy home would be ready. But punctually at their usual hour away flew the little workers, and their friend at the window felt quite impatient for the morning to come that she might see whether they would be working or not.

But no—not a ghost of a yellow-bird visited the old lilac bush on the next day, although they appeared promptly on Monday morning, and when it was at last completed, took possession of their dear little nest. It would take too long to tell of the many happy hours Miss Baker spent watching the inmates of that little home, and of the queer little baby yellow-birds which at last appeared, and kept their father and mother busy from morning till night finding food to fill their hungry little mouths.

'But,' said Miss Baker to me, as she finished the story, 'whenever the question arises, as it very often does, whether the creatures round us know instinctively that the Sabbath is a day of rest, I always maintain that I know of at least two little birds who knew it was Sunday, and kept it too.'

Every little flower that grows,
Every little grassy blade,
Every little dew-drop shows
Jesus' care for all He made;
Jesus lives and Jesus knows,
So you need not be afraid.

—F. R. Havergal.

Brave Deeds Of Youthful Heroes.

AN INDIAN HERO.

You have heard many stories of the bravery of English boys and girls; now I am going to tell you one about a lad of eighteen. He was a Red Indian, and lived in Alaska, which is in the north-west corner of North America.

One day in February, about eleven years ago, a man named Williams started for a long journey. He was a messenger, or postman, and he called at the different camps or settlements on the Stewart River, and started with his various messages, letters and parcels to make his way to the sea-coast. When we talk of going to the seaside in England we know that we can get there in a few hours; but when Williams started he knew that he must travel four hundred miles before he would reach the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

THE INDIAN LAD FOUND HIS BURDEN VERY HEAVY.

He took with him a sledge, drawn by dogs, and an Indian lad. I cannot tell you his name, but you may be sure God knows it, and has written it down in heaven.

They travelled along for miles and miles, until at last the dogs died, quiet tired out. Then of course the travellers had to drag the sledge themselves.

The next misfortune which befell them was a terrible blizzard.

Williams and his friend built themselves a snow hut then and took shelter in it. It was better than being out in the storm, but they had no fire and no food, except some flour. Then Williams began to cough, and was so feverish and ill that he could not move. The Indian took care of him for six days. I can fancy that as the lad moved about doing what he could for his sick friend he must have wished over and over again that he could go to his own tribe. Of course he could have gone if he liked—there was no one to prevent him; but he loved the white man and chose to stay with him, even if he should die because of it.

At last Williams got better, and they both started on their journey again. They had not gone far when Williams sank down on the snow quite exhausted. Then the Indian took the poor man on his back and toiled onwards. The storm was still fierce, and the Indian lad found his burden so heavy, that try as hard as he would he took five whole days to travel over twelve miles.

Then, happily for him, they met some Indians who took the sick man and carried him to a camp, where he died.

By this time the brave young Indian was in such a bad state himself that he was thankful to be taken care of by his fellow Indians who took him to a little place called Juneau.

He was so badly frozen that they were obliged to cut off part of one of his feet; but the people received him as a hero, and he was tenderly nursed until he was quite recovered.

It is rather amusing to hear that when the Indian lad saw a horse he thought it was a very strange monster; and when he caught sight of a negro he exclaimed—

'He had been frozen more than I was, or he would not be so black.'—E. M. Waterworth in 'Child's Companion.'

'As A Little Child.'

Mr. Smith, of Dickleborough, in the county of Norfolk, was a fine old Methodist farmer of the last generation, and a simple-minded earnest Christian. He was a genius, too, in his way, and invented a plough which was a great improvement on the cumbrous implement then in common use. His invention came under the notice of Prince Albert, who took great interest in agriculture, and he sent for him to explain certain matters connected with the plough. The old farmer accordingly journeyed to Windsor—no light undertaking in those days—and had an interview with the Prince. While Mr. Smith was explaining his invention to Prince Albert, the Queen came into the room, joined in the conversation, and was greatly pleased with the good old man. After a while he began to think that his duty as a Methodist class-leader and local preacher ought to lead him to 'spake a word for the Master,' and he cast about for what he called 'an oopenin' '—but we had better let him tell this part of the tale in his own words. His narrative used to run somewhat as follows:—"Smith, bor," I say to myself, "you're browt afore kings and princes, and you must testify." I said, "I ool," and I looked to the Lord for an oopenin', and 'twarn't long afore t'come. The Queen she say to me, "Mr. Smith," she say, "howivir did you come to think o' this invintion o' yourn?" "Well, your Majesty, mum," says I, "I had that in my head for a sight o' days afore that come straight. I see what was wanted plain enough, but I couldn't make out how to git it. I thowt, an' I thowt, an' I better thowt, but that wouldn't come clear nowhow. So at last I made it a matter o' prayer, and one mornin' that come into my mind like a flash—just what you see in that there model." "Why, Mr. Smith," she say, "do you pray about your ploughs?" "Wu there now, your Majesty, mum," says I, "why shouldn't I? My Father in heaven he showed I was in trouble about that, and why shouldn't I goo an' tell him? I mind o' my boy Tom—he's a fine big man now, keepin' company along o' my nabor Stebbins' darter he is, an' a rare good gal I know she be—but when he was a teeny little mite of a boy I bought him a whip, and rarely pleased he was with that. Well, he come to me one day cryin' as if his little heart was bruk. He'd bruk that whip, he had, an' he come to me with that. Well, now, your Majesty, mum, that whip that worn't nothin' to me—that only cost eighteen pence when 'twas new—but it was suffen to me to see the tears runnin' down my boy's cheeks. So I took him up on my knee, and I wiped his eyes with my handkercher, and I kissed him, I did, and I comforted him. "Wu, don't yow cry, Tom, bor," says I. "I'll mend that whip, I ool, so that'll crack as loud as iver, and I'll buy you a new one next market day." "Well now, your Majesty, mum," says I, "don't you think our Father in heaven he cares as much for me as I care for my boy Tom? My plough worn't o' much consekence to him, but I know right well my trouble was." ' Mr. Smith, of Dickleborough, was only a simple-minded old Norfolk farmer, but he had got to the very heart of the mystery which was hidden from men like Huxley and Tyndall, and which the philosopher will never discover until he becomes 'as a little child.'—Melbourne 'Spectator.'

The Land Of Nod.

There's a beautiful land, my children,
In the heart of the vale of Sleep,
And saucy winds blow,
Where bright flowers grow,
And the sunbeams shed o'er the sea their glow,
Or up on the mountain creep.

In that beautiful land, my children,
Dwell sweet little elves, so fair;
With bright sparkling eyes,
Like the azure skies,
In whose blue depths such beauty lies,
That none can with them compare.

Their voices are low and gentle,
Like the sound of a rippling stream,
And all through the day,
They frolic and play,
But never an angry or cross word say,
And life flows on, like a dream.

These dear little elves, my children,
Have hair like the finest gold;
For a sunbeam gay,
(So the fairies say,)
Up in their shining curls, did stray,
And they chained him with each wee fold.

You have dwelt in this land, my children,
Its paths you have often trod.
You have played for hours.
'Mid its brightest flowers.
And climbed to the top of its highest towers;
For it lies in the Land of Nod.

—Lizzie English Dyas.

A Visit to the Zoo.

PRIZE PAPER.

If you want a day's pleasure in London, go to the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, and see the beautiful animals and birds which live there. The gardens are very large, with many different trees, and bright flowers growing in them; and all round are placed houses and cages in which animals and birds from many different lands are collected together for our amusement and instruction. Some of them have always lived in the gardens, and have never been wild and free, whilst others have only been there a very little while, having been caught far away and brought to England. Sometimes the Queen has strange animals or birds sent to her as presents from foreign princes, and these are sent to the Gardens to be taken care of by the keepers; so that you see there are many ways of getting the creatures for the Gardens. There is a great variety of animals, too: some are quite small and some very large, like the elephant, the biggest animal in the world, and yet so quiet and gentle that he walks about the garden paths all day, giving the boys and girls rides on his back, and holding out his trunk for buns and biscuits as he goes along. Some animals, too, come from hot countries; and some, like the polar bear, from cold lands, where they find their thick overcoats most useful.

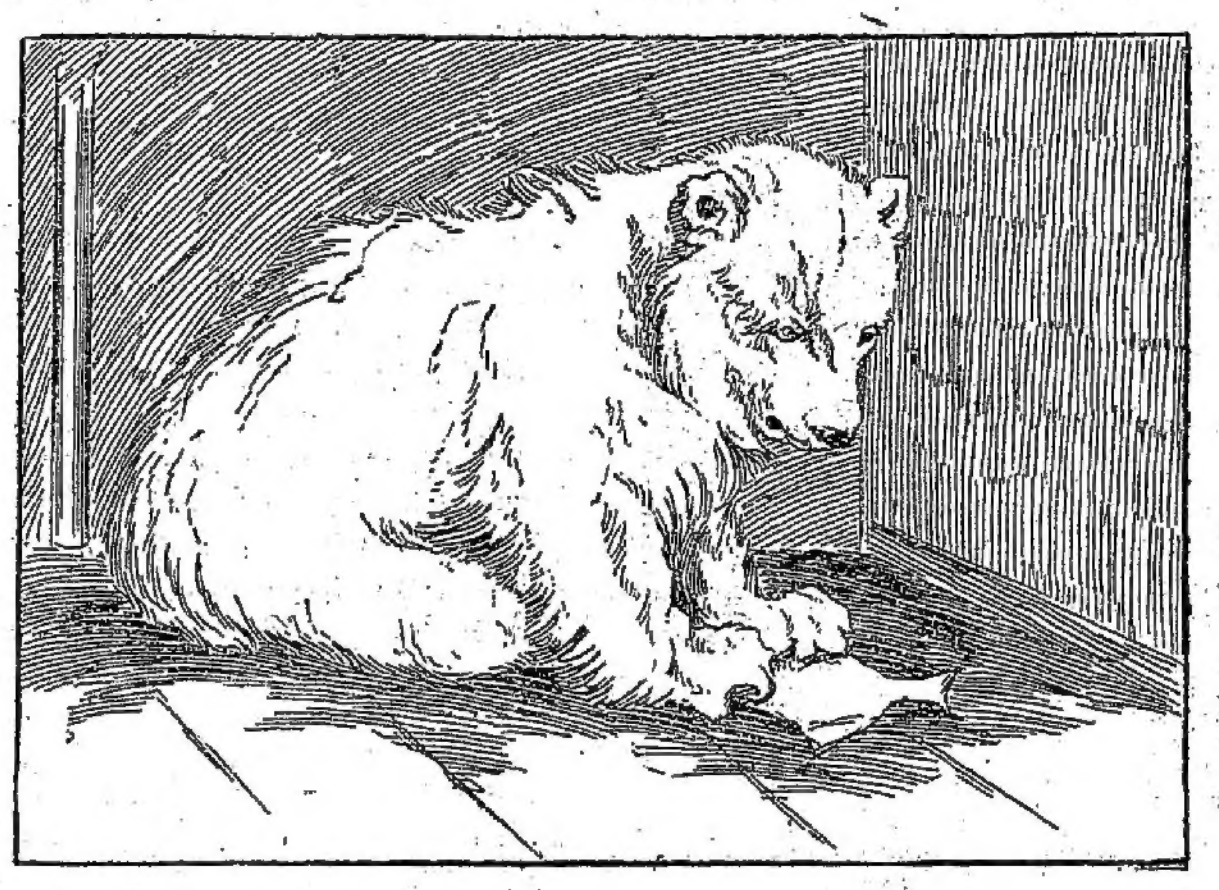
A WET DAY AT THE ZOO.

If you look carefully at the different animals, and think about them, you can find out for yourselves what kind of lands they come from, and what they do when they are at home in their far-away homes. Just look at the lion, he is the color of sand, and we learn from that his home is in the sandy desert, where, with his soft, padded feet, he can creep along quietly without being heard or seen until he springs upon his prey. Then the tiger is striped black and yellow; and we know that he lives in the Indian jungle, where the bright sun shines on the tall grass, and the light and shade so much resemble the color of his coat that he can go hunting without fear of being seen. The jaguar, from South America, has a coat which is all black and yellow in spots, and this makes us think of the sun shining through the leaves of a tree, and making bright yellow spots in the shadows. We know from this that the jaguar hides in the trees when he hunts, and drops on to the deer as they run underneath. When we see the polar bear we can tell from his white coat that he lives in snowy lands; and the little brown chamois, that are always jumping and skipping about, come from the mountains, where they leap from rock to rock. The giraffe, too, only wants such a very long neck to eat the leaves off the tall palm trees; and the little monkeys have hands to hold their food and to climb with, and tails that they can twist round the branches of the trees as they swing themselves about. We can tell, too, that the sandy-colored camel lives in the desert, and that his soft, spreading feet are for walking over the loose sand with; while the bears, that make their homes in the mountains, have strong feet, with long, sharp claws, for climbing with, or for scraping roots out of the ground to feed upon. Then you will see the kangaroos from Australia, with their big, strong hind-legs, and their little fore-feet that they never use in running, and their curious pouches they have in front, for their little ones to hide in. And you must not forget to look at all the different kinds of deer and antelopes, the big wapiti from Canada, and the elk and reindeer, and the little Indian and African deer, with beautiful horns of many different shapes.

You must be sure to visit the birds in the different aviaries and cages. Here you will see the great ostrich, with the strong legs with which it runs so fast, and the small wings it never uses to fly with; the flamingoes and storks, which wade in the water, and so have very long legs; the pelicans, with the loose

pouches underneath their beaks, in which they store the fish they catch; and the different kinds of seagulls, with their black and white feathers like the white foam and dark water of the sea, their webbed feet with which they swim and paddle about, and their strong wings which carry them over the water in calm and stormy weather.

When you see the birds that come from hot countries, the blue and yellow macaws, the parrots, and many others, you will, perhaps, be surprised at their bright colors, not at all like the birds we see flying about; but you must remember that they live in countries where the trees have most beautiful flowers, blue, and red, and yellow, so that the bright birds are not so easily seen as they would be here.



A POLAR BEAR.

Before you leave, you should pay a visit to the reptile house, and see the pythons and boas, the largest of all snakes; and the terrible crocodiles and alligators. In another house are the insects: beautiful butterflies and moths, some English, and others far larger and brighter than any we ever see here. I think that by the time the end of your day is reached, you will find that you have seen a great many strange and beautiful creatures, and have learned a great deal about them for so short a visit.—Alice N. Tancock.

Daily Cake.

Dr. Keller, a well-known Boston physician, was at one time connected as trustee with an institution wherein friendless children were cared for.

As she was passing along one of the corridors one day, she heard them chattering over some matter which evidently interested them deeply. Nothing is more charming than the unsophisticated talk of little children, and Dr. Keller paused beside the door, where she could not be seen, and listened—a sympathetic eavesdropper.

They were talking, it seems, about good things to eat; their food, while abundant, was ordinarily plain after the fashion—a mistaken one, we think, for why should there not be a homelike variety?—of institutions of this kind. These little ones, some of them, at least, had tasted cake a few times in their brief poverty-stricken lives, and they were all saying how they wished they could have it often.

One little boy—we will call him Johnnie—at last made a proposition. 'We'll ask God to send us some cake,' he said. Perhaps he had heard the story of manna in the wilderness and of Elijah's ravens; at any rate, he proposed that they should all kneel and repeat the Lord's Prayer, substituting 'cake' for 'daily bread.' With that unquestioning faith which seems the peculiar heritage of childhood, they all assembled and knelt. 'Now, be sure,' says Johnnie, 'to say cake.'

The listener bowed her head reverently while the childish voices repeated the sacred words that fell first from those holy lips nearly 2,000 years ago: 'Our Father who art in heaven,' prayed these fatherless and motherless little ones, and so on until they reached the petition, 'Give us this day our daily bread;' then an instant's pause, and then 'Give us this day our daily CAKE' went up, with an emphasis on the word 'cake,' to which capitals alone can give adequate expression in print.

Dr. Keller waited until the final 'amen,' and then passed on, with the resolve in her heart that their prayer should be speedily answered. She doubtless felt as did another good woman under similar circumstances—'for what was I sent that way but as an humble instrument in his hands,' the bearer of his answer?

That very night at supper the eyes of the little creatures were gladdened by the sight of cakes, in many pretty shapes, spread bountifully before them. 'Didn't I tell you God would send us cake if we asked him?' said Johnnie, looking triumphantly around. — 'Wide Awake.'

How God's Little Ones Help.

(By Chas. N. Sinnett.)

'I guess it will break with its load of snow,
And grandpa planted it long ago.'
And dear old granny peered at the limb,
Of the garden tree till her eyes grew dim,
With the tears that gathered thick and fast,
As she thought of the tree, and the happy past.

Little Lulu wanted so much to shake,
The creaking bough for granny's sake;
But as she couldn't go out in the storm,
She put her hand so hopeful and warm,
Right into granny's, and whispered clear,
'One of God's trees, and he knows it's dear.'

Just then a brown bird fluttering went,
And shook the limb so cruelly bent,
And plump, pat, pat, went the lumps of snow,
While granny said, with her face aglow,
'God's little ones can help and cheer,
In the stormiest days of all the the year.'

—'Mayflower.'

LESSON VI.—MAY 7.

The Vine and the Branches.

John xv., 1-11.—Memory verses, 6-8. Compare John xvi., 16; Matt. vii., 15-20.

Golden Text.

'I am the vine, ye are the branches.'—John xv., 15.

Home Readings.

M. John xv., 1-11.—The Vine and the Branches.
T. I. John ii., 1-9.—Saying and doing.
W. I. John iii., 18-24.—Proof of abiding in Christ.
T. Matt. vii., 15-23.—Known by fruit.
F. Gal. v., 16-26.—Spiritual fruit.
S. Rom. xii., 1-5.—One in Christ.
S. Eph. vi., 1-16.—Christ the Head.

Lesson Story.

Christ and his disciples were just going out to the garden of Gethsemane, but the Lord had yet more to say to his loved ones. In his great love and sympathy for them he had comforted them with the assurance of their salvation and the promise of his speedy return, now he teaches them the necessity of continuous and absolute dependence upon him, their everliving Saviour.

In the beautiful figure of the grape vine and its branches and fruit, Christ explains to his followers what it means to depend upon him. He is Life. He is the eternal source of life to all believers. He is the vine giving life to all the branches and causing them to bring forth fruit.

Jehovah is the husbandman or owner of the vineyard. He it is who cuts off those branches which have never been truly united to the Vine, and so have no life nor power to bear fruit. But the branches which are united to the Lord Jesus Christ and are bringing forth fruit must be constantly pruned and purified that they may bring forth more fruit to the glory of God.

The Christian must abide in Christ. As the branch must be in perfect connection with the vine to have any life, so the Christian must be perfectly united to Christ. The branch severed from the vine withers and dies, invariably. But he that abides in the Lord Jesus, the soul in living union with its Saviour, will bring forth much fruit to the glory of God.

If we abide in Christ and his words and thoughts abide in us, we may ask what we will and it shall be done for us, because our desires will be those which he has given us, and their fulfilment will be to his glory.

The purified life brings forth fruit. The vine's branches must be pruned and trained with a sharp knife, the Christian's life must be cleansed and trained by trials and temptations, thus does the wise Husbandman bring the fruit to perfection. The love of Jehovah for Christ is immeasurably eternal, and surpassing the bounds of thought. Our Saviour declares that with this same love he cares for every one of his followers. The love of Christ to Jehovah is shown by perfect obedience. So would our Lord have us show our love to him by keeping his commands, and by seeking always in all things to know his will and do it.

The hours of trial, of temptation, of sacrifice and of suffering were close at hand, yet our Lord spoke of joy. 'These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.' Not any joy that could spring from an earthly source, their circumstances were to be of the most painful and depressing for the next three days, but 'the joy of the Lord' was to sustain them, the joy of being loved by the Father, and the gladness of the promise of the Comforter.

The Bible Class

'The Husbandman.'—Isa. v., 1-7; Psa. lxxx., 7-16; Hos. x., 1; II. Tim. ii., 6; Jas. v., 7, 8.

'Abiding.'—Luke xix., 5; xxiv., 29; John xii., 34, 44-46; I. Cor. vii., 24; II. Tim. ii., 13; II. Pet. i., 23; I. John ii., 6, 10, 17, 24, 28; iii., 6, 14, 15, 24; II. John, 9; Psa. xci., 1-4; cxxv., 1, 2.

'Fruit.'—Psa. i., 1-3; Prov. xi., 30; Luke iii., 8, 9; vi., 43, 44; xiii., 6-9; John iv., 35, 36; Jas. iii., 17, 18.

Lesson Hymn.

Oh, happy band of pilgrims!
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head.

Oh, happy if ye labor
As Jesus did for men;
Oh, happy if ye suffer
As Jesus suffered then!

The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due;
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you!

The trials which beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations,
Which death alone can cure—

What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladders
Set up to Heaven from earth?

Oh, happy band of pilgrims,
Press onward to the skies,
When such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize!
—Old Hymn.

Suggestions.

Jehovah is the Husbandman of the vineyard, he is the planter and owner, though he has let it out to hireling husbandmen or farmers (Matt. xxi., 33-41). The vineyard is a type of God's people, or the church. The wood of the grape vine, when cut off, is of no use at all except to burn. It is too crooked and soft to be used in any way. The only use of the vine is fruit bearing.

The branch which in any way loses its vital connection with the vine must wither and die. The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. These are mostly things to be, not things to do. The branch does not work to bring forth fruit, the only condition of fruit bearing is perfect union with the life of the vine. So we must be joined to our Lord Jesus Christ and his life flowing through us will bring forth the fruits of love and obedience to God.

'He purgeth it.' If the branches were allowed to grow wild their fruit would be worth very little. So the pruning knife must be used, the branch may not look so well or feel so well after the knife has been used, but it is worth far more, and ready to bear better fruit. 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' Man could not become holy if he were never tempted or tried or afflicted, it is only by fighting the battle well that a man is proved a good soldier. The trials are allowed by God, so that we may learn to trust him. The purging and cleansing are necessary to make us fit temples for the Holy Ghost. The heart in which God dwells must be as clean as heaven itself, for heaven is where God is. The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.

We must abide in Christ, no matter what our circumstances are. 'Some of us think and say a good deal about "a sense of his presence;" sometimes rejoicing in it, sometimes going mourning all the day long because we have it not; praying for it, and not always seeming to receive what we ask; measuring our own position, and sometimes even that of others by it; now on the heights, now in the depths about it. And all this April-like gleam and gloom instead of steady summer glow, because we are turning our attention upon the sense of his presence, instead of the changeless reality of it!'—Frances Ridley Havergal.

Practical Points.

Jesus is the source of the Spiritual life, as the branches receive the sap from the trunk. God, the wise husbandman, takes care of both vine and branches (verse 1).

The husbandman lops off a branch here and there. So God takes away earthly comforts and friends that we may rest more firmly on him (verse 2).

The Word of God is powerful to cleanse the human heart (verse 3).

Union with the Vine is the secret of life in the branches (verses 4-7).

Fruit bearing is the aim of every one whose life is linked with the Messiah (verse 8).

Our love to God always grows out of his love to us; and obedience is the outcome of love (verses 9, 10; also I. John iv., 19).

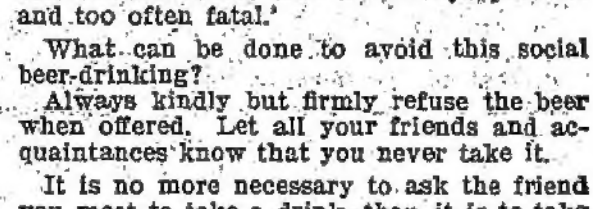
There is no joy equal to that which comes from seeing and hearing our Lord (verse 11; also John xx., 20).

C. E. Topic.

May 7.—Patient continuance in well-doing.—Rom. ii., 1-11.

Junior C. E.

May 7.—What are some little talents we should use for Christ?—Matt. xxv., 14-30.



The Catechism on Beer.

(By Julia Colman, National Temperance Publication House.)

LESSON XII.—THE PLEASURES OF BEER-DRINKING.

'Tranquil pleasures are the most durable.'

Is beer pleasant to the taste?

To the beginner it is usually nauseous and bitter.

Why do people continue to drink it if they dislike it?

They are led on by the example of old topers, by the custom of treating, and by the idea that it is not polite to refuse it when offered.

On what occasions are these temptations most common?

On all social occasions, but especially when young people are out together.

Dr. J. M. Walden says: 'The (beer) hall and the garden attract thousands who would shrink from the saloon. Multitudes of young men who never before crossed the threshold of a drinking-place, have contracted tastes and formed habits that are always perilous and too often fatal.'

What can be done to avoid this social beer-drinking?

Always kindly but firmly refuse the beer when offered. Let all your friends and acquaintances know that you never take it.

It is no more necessary to ask the friend you meet to take a drink, than it is to take a hat or a handkerchief. For home and social entertainment nuts and fruit of some kind are more attractive than drinks. Entertainment with music, conversation, pictures, and curios, is better than with eating or drinking.

What can a young man say when asked to drink for friendship's sake?

Ask to be excused, shake hands, and say those are the best friends that never drink, for drink often makes quarrels.

Ought he to fall in with their habits if he has no other company?

He would better remain alone till he finds those who respect his firmness and his abstinence.

George Stephenson when only fifteen, a poor fireman in a colliery, used to remain in the pit alone and study his engine, while his fellow-workmen went off on their fortnightly spree and dog-fight. Those lonely studies prepared and led the way to his great railroad inventions, and he at last became the guest of kings and princes.

Where else are boys and girls liable to be tempted?

At those groceries where bottled ale and other liquors are kept.

What other danger is there in dealing with grocers who keep such liquors

Liquors may be sent to the house charged under the name of other family supplies.

How does beer-drinking affect the disposition?

It makes the drinker morose and sour.

The half tipsy toper of any drink does not half know what he is about. Anyone who wants keen enjoyment should have all his senses at the brightest and keenest, so as to take in all the fun that is going.

What striking proof have we of the misery in beer?

About two-thirds of the suicides in this country are those of beer drunkards.

What, then, must we think of the pleasures of beer-drinking?

That as it brings ill-health, quarrels, moroseness, and suicide, its pleasures do not equal its sorrows.

Teaching Temperance.

We want so to teach that our teaching shall endure, that when our lads and lasses go out to fight the battle of life, they may be accoutred in armor of proof against the sophistries and plausibilities with which they will certainly be assailed, and failing to meet which they may be tempted to forsake their wholesome principle and practice of total abstinence. A prime factor in making impressions permanent is repetition. 'Pardon me, Mr. So-and-so,' said the judge to the counsel, 'but this is the eleventh time you have adduced that same argument.' 'Pardon me, my lord, but your lordship will observe that there are twelve men in the jury box.' The same fact repeated and re-repeated is the fact which ultimately sticks. But here, again, caution is needful—a mere mechanical repetition will not suffice, but will lose its force, and simply become a mere jingle of words without vital meaning. The same truth must be presented in a different manner at each presentation, until at last it 'catches on' as a kind of revelation to the taught. The manner of the teacher, too, must give no hint of triteness, he must proclaim the old truth with all the point and fervor of one who has just discovered a new truth, and is anxious that others should share in his discovery. Evident intensity of conviction in the teacher is essential to permanent impression on the taught.—F. Adkens.

Band of Hope Teaching.

Not too much should be attempted in one lesscn or address. A witty French writer has said, 'The mind of a child is like a bottle with a small neck; you may pour much or pour little, but only a little will pass at a time.' Too many speakers, both to adults and children, imagine that they have imparted everything that has fallen from their lips. But this is not so; much of their utterance, good as it may be, has run to waste. They have only really imparted that which their auditors have absorbed, and they will do better to go on the 'drop by drop' principle than on that of the 'flowing tide.' No meeting should be held at which some temperance truth, or part of a temperance truth, or something preparing the way for a temperance truth, is not instilled into the young listeners. Simplicity of phrase and moderation in quantity are two essentials to successful teaching in Bands of Hope. The whole subject cannot be better summed up than in the words of a delegate who, being a farmer, said: 'I feed my Band of Hope members just as I feed my lambs—I give them a little at a time, I give it them often, and I give it them warm.' Let us choose carefully our wholesome truths, prepare them suitably and deliver them out of a warm and loving heart, and our lambs, who also are God's lambs, shall thrive.—F. Adkens.

How They Do It.

Sly devices to gain tobacco converts among boys are being used by St. Louis, Mo., tobacco manufacturers. The retail dealer is asked to fill out a blank giving the names of young persons who do not use tobacco. The manufacturers then send to each a check calling for a free plug of tobacco at the retail dealer's. These checks are honored by the manufacturer on presentation. The tobacco is given free as an inducement to boys to learn to chew, and the retailer is rewarded for his share in the effort. Cigarettes are also supplied free to all patrons who buy their tobacco of this manufacturer. In this way much of the poisonous stuff is consumed every year, and the use of tobacco continues popular among its devotees.—'Temperance Advocate.'

Mrs. Yokum is County Superintendent of Schools in a county of Colorado. Soon after election a woman who smokes cigarettes applied for a certificate. Mrs. Yokum found her capable, but consulted the board, and secured the decision that a certificate should not be granted because of the cigarette habit. Soon a man who smoked cigarettes applied, and was rejected also, for the board could not make Mrs. Yokum understand any difference between a smoking woman and a smoking man.

Correspondence

Honeywood.

Dear Editor,—I live about a mile and a quarter from the village, where we go to church and Sunday-school. We have taken the 'Messenger' for several years, and would be lonesome without it. I have two sisters, older than myself. LUCILLA (aged 9).

Honeywood.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm about a mile and a quarter from Honeywood. We have a dog called Nero, and two cats.

ALMA (aged 11).

Brightside, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I attend Sunday-school in the summer, but our Sunday-school closes for the winter months. We have a nice teacher and she is very kind to us. There was a great interest taken in the Prohibition plebiscite around here, and there was a large majority against whiskey. I wish that whiskey would be shut down. My oldest brother and sister belong to the Royal Templars, and I am going to join pretty soon. My eldest brother was away in Manitoba all summer, and he just got home lately. We were all so glad to see him. I live on a farm, and help with the hay in the summer holidays.

LAWRENCE A. (aged 13).

Pierston, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I was born in British Columbia. I have always been a cripple. When I was rather over two years old my mother died. More than a year after my father went to visit his native land, Nova Scotia, and died in a few weeks of la grippe. My uncle where he died went and brought my brother and myself to live with him; we lived there five years. Before we left there my uncle died. My aunt in New Brunswick sent for us, and we came a year ago last Christmas. Auntie and cousin have Sunday-school for my brother and me. The lessons are taken from the 'Northern Messenger.' Then we have some good readings after lessons. When we first came cousin read through 'Bible Jewels,' and when she came to the temperance jewel, the amethyst, and I heard how much evil liquor did, I thought I would like to get out a pledge, and get all I could to sign. Auntie said I could. This is my pledge: 'I promise to abstain from all liquors and cider to my life's end.' I have got twenty-eight to sign. My cousin has got me to walk with crutches since I came here. ALFRED (aged 10).

Blyth.

Dear Editor,—We have a very pretty village, situated on a branch of the Maitland river. I have two sisters and one brother, and I am the youngest.

EUPHEMIA S.

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a water spaniel named Fido. My sister Maudie and I go to Sunday-school, and get a 'Messenger,' and my mother reads to us in the evening, and I take my sister to school on my sleigh when it is sleighing. HARRY P. (aged 10).

Grimsthorpe.

Dear Editor,—I go to school pretty regularly. One Tuesday the temperature went down to 22 degrees below zero, but yet I went. We live on a farm. I have a pet cat, and my sister has one too.

CLARA M. (aged 9).

Grimsthorpe, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on Manitoulin Island, which is about one hundred and four miles long and thirty-five wide. It has a population of over seventeen thousand. There are quite a number of small lakes, which abound in salmon trout, white fish, herring, etc. I live near the south of the island, and bordering Lake Huron. This is a very fertile island, and the people on it are engaged in farming. I have nearly two miles to go to school, but I have a horse of my own called Maude, which we drive.

MABEL F. T. (aged 13).

Woodstock, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My grandma in Clinton has subscribed for the 'Messenger' for me. It is the first paper I ever had come to the post-office in my own name. I like it very much, and I am going to try and read them all. I go to school every day and Sunday-school. My papa is the superintendent. I think I know Ella May, who wrote to you, and that she goes to our Sunday-school. I have two sisters; one is six and the baby is a year and six months old.

WILBUR B. (aged 8).

Hemmingford, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—My father is a captain of the 51st Battalion. We keep the rifles, and the red coats, and caps, and swords, and bayonets. I think papa will go out to camp next summer. My grandma and grandpa are over seventy years old. My brother and I light the fire at school, and we get $3 apiece. The school is a mile and a half away. I like to get grandma to tell me stories about olden times before the lamp is lit.

CHARLIE McK. (aged 11).

Almonte, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country about five miles from Almonte. I go to Almonte High School, and come home on Friday night. We live near the Mississippi river. We take the 'Witness,' and I like to read the Boys' Page and the Children's Corner.

R. J. P.

Port Huron, Mich.

Dear Editor,—I have only one brother and no sister. We have taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and we look for it every week, and would be lonesome without it.

ETHEL F. G. (aged 10).

Lower Millstream, King's Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country, and am nine years old. I like to read the correspondence.

JOHN C.

Nobleton.

Dear Editor,—I tried this winter to get 'Messenger' subscribers, for the silver bracelet, which I received safely, and which I am very well pleased with, and also my sister, who received it. My eldest brother is living in the city of Toronto, and my second eldest is working on the farm; and my third is going to high school. I live on the farm, and go to school every day. I am not much use on the farm yet, but hope to be some day. I am always very anxious to get my paper to read, for I think there is no other paper like the 'Northern Messenger' for children, for it teaches us lessons to look to the joy of others as well as our own, besides the many other interesting stories. I have been taking the 'Messenger' for some time, but just through the Sunday-school, and when the Sunday-school stopped I thought I would still continue taking the paper.

WILLIE M. E. (aged 12).

Lisgar, Que.

Dear Editor,—We are going to have the picture of the Queen in our schoolroom soon. I have a nephew, and his name is Harold.

ALLAN (aged 8).

Lisgar, Que.

Dear Editor,—I can do long division. My teacher's name is Miss Lyster. She is helping me to spell these words:

LILLIS (aged 8).

Lisgar, Que.

Dear Editor,—Our teacher reads us the letters out of the 'Northern Messenger.' We like to hear them. We have a flag in our schoolroom. Our salute is: 'We pledge allegiance to our flag and the country for which it stands. One Empire indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.'

REGIE (aged 11).

Brown's Corner.

Dear Editor,—We have a canary called Dick. He does not sing very much yet. My father keeps the post-office and store, and I sometimes attend to it. We have only one hen. In the winter it and a kitten go around together. They are great friends.

BELL (aged 12).

Central Park, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I live in a settlement called Burnaby, or Central Park. It is rather a wild place to live in, but pleasant. We have two churches out here, a Presbyterian and Methodist.

NONA (aged 14).

Barrington.

Dear Editor,—My papa has a general store and post-office. I have two pets, a cat and a dog; the dog's name is Romp, and when my brother plays on the harmonica he will sing. We have had fine fun this winter skating on a large pond.

WILFRED G. K. (aged 9).

HOUSEHOLD.

Empty Hands.

Mrs. C. F. Wilder, of the National Household Economic Association, says: Instead of the physical part of our nature being our servant, it is, more and more, becoming our master. The house-mother, instead of being controlled by her intellectual nature, is governed by the animal nature of her family. If it is doughnuts, cake, pastry, pies, that the family demand, doughnuts, cake, pastry, pies, it is from Monday morning until Saturday night. The house-mother, after a time, has a certain pride in saying, 'I can do but little for my family, but one thing is certain—they have what they want to eat and the best in the market;' and by 'the best in the market' she means that they procured food for which the highest prices were paid. Such a house-mother ought to learn to look at life from the farther end of the route. What has she stored in her brain for use in old age? 'Kitchen lore?' What will her children say of her when she is worn out as their slave? 'She made such good doughnuts?' What will she reply to the Master when he asks what sheaves she garnered for the kingdom She will be forced to look at her empty hands and mournfully say, 'Lord, not one thing to show for my life-work! It is all eaten up.'

Spring Cleaning.

Begin in the chambers, cleaning out the closets first. All clothing should be taken out, put on the lines out of doors, to be brushed and aired. If to be put away for the season, let them be laid one side. If not to be worn any more, put them into the 'charity box' to be attended to later. As to boots and shoes, if too much worn to be useful, have the buttons cut off, good pieces of leather cut cut, and the rest burned. The buttons go into the button box, the strips of leather into the 'handy-box,' where hammer, tacks and screws are kept, and are ready for the garden, to tack up the grape-vine and the climber with, or make hinges for a box.

The closets cleaned, things put back, and we are ready for the next thing. The bureau drawers are taken out, the contents also, and looked over. Underclothing too worn to be useful may be cut into suitable pieces, hems and seams cut off, and it then goes into the sick-box. Worn flannels go into the same box. These will furnish plenty for sickness when needed, and provide some to give away. The stockings, if the feet are past darning, may be cut off, put into the kitchen bag, and used for wiping off the stove and for other purposes. The legs are often good when the feet are beyond repair. These are put into the 'charity bag,' to make over for small feet. It is easily done if the child's stocking is carefully pinned on and cut out, allowing for seams. The bottoms of the feet may be made of flannel or cut from another pair of legs. The handkerchiefs should be looked over. If worn, the hem-stitched borders may be cut off, and the rest cut into pieces. The narrow strips make the nicest kind of a 'rag' for a cut or sore finger. These roll up and put into the sick-bag. Kid gloves no longer useful may have thumb and fingers cut off for 'cots' for sore fingers. The hand, cut open on the side, makes a good silver polisher, especially if the glove is an 'undressed kid.' The buttons may go to the button-box, and are useful when an extra button is wanted.—'Good Housekeeping.'

Have a Blackboard.

There are many mothers who do not realize what an unending supply of occupation and amusement a small blackboard furnishes for young children. Very good ready-made ones are to be purchased at the toy shops or they can be made to order at a reasonable price. A small easel that stands firmly should be provided. Have the board made with a little trough across the bottom to hold the chalks, which should be both white and colored. Such a blackboard will provide a means of pleasant occupation, and as a factor in the child's education will prove wonderfully useful. With a few helpful suggestions now and then from the mother, the child will soon show remarkable improvement in writing, spelling and drawing, if he be at all inclined to learn.

Codfish With Cream Dressing.

As salt fish, and especially codfish, must be depended on in many farmers' families to help furnish a variety of solid food, it is well to know the most palatable ways of preparing it. One good cook furnishes the men with a fish dinner in this wise: A neat block from the thick part is dashed with cold water to free it from loose salt and possible dirt, and is placed over the fire to simmer for a half-hour. It is then drained, the skin, which now separates easily, is removed, and the fish is returned to the stove in cold water, and brought to the boiling point for a few minutes, but not boiled, when it is ready for the table. A drawn butter sauce is made by stirring equal quantities of flour and butter, well-mixed, into hot water. This is made richer by the addition of as much sweet cream as can be afforded; preferably it should be about half cream. When eaten, the fish is shredded and mixed with the potato, and the whole deluged with the cream sauce. This is, perhaps, the best way to serve codfish for dinner. After dinner, what remains can be made into balls for the next day's breakfast, by mixing fish, potatoes and sauce together; these balls are a little better if the potatoes were mashed while hot, seasoned, and beaten white and light as for use on the table alone. A little extract of celery and an egg beaten very light will add much to the flavor, and if quickly browned in plenty of hot fat they will not often be refused, even by the city cousin, who is 'boarding' in the family. Some one has said that codfish-balls are like the little girl of youthful memory; when good, very good indeed; when bad, horrid.

Selected Recipes.

Roast Spare Rib.—Take a nice spare rib, with part of the tenderloin left in; season with salt and a little pepper; sprinkle with summer savory; put in a pan with a little water; baste often, and roast until nicely browned and thoroughly well done.

New Soles.—To make new soles for stockings, cut a pattern by a new stocking, from heel-piece to toe, making it two seams larger all around. Cut a pattern for the top of the foot exactly the same, except that you must make it a seam narrower. Lay the smaller pattern on the stocking to be soled, having each folded down the centre, and cut from the toe around to the back corner. Lay the sole pattern, folded, across the waste piece, and cut that off a seam longer than the pattern, rounding it at the back for the heel. Stitch up the heel, open the seam and run each side. Baste the sole which has been cut from another stocking, to the heel, stitch it, open it and run along each seam, making it flat. Now, baste the sole and top of the foot together, stitch and finish. By careful cutting, one can get five pairs of soles from one pair of stocking legs, and nearly all stockings can be cut down the second time, thus making one pair do the duty of three pairs.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A New 'Messenger' Premium.

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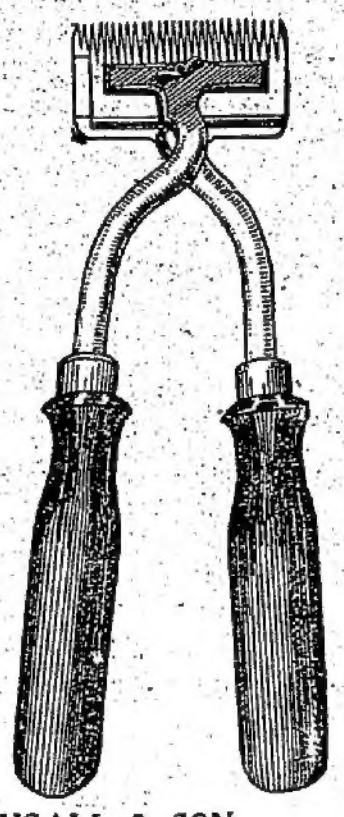
NEWMARKET PATTERN.



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